

# THE CHIPLEY BANNER.

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## THE STORY OF ULLA.

old at the Edge of the Northern Sea, and  
Written for This Paper.

BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

### CHAPTER VI.

was just at dusk that evening; the sky was streaked with crimson; the white mist was lying in wreaths along the purple river; the landrills were croaking; the little stars were twinkling in the smooth heaven, and the pale light of the moon was adorning the thin curl of smoke rose from the hearth of a hut in the fishing village by the burgh. A minute after a tone of alarm rose from inside the stock.

"Surely some careless housewife has set an ember fall among the thatch," thought, and the great oak gates swung open, and out came a young man in a blue tunic and a sword at his side. He passed the portal on an arrowed path, and, plunging deep into the chest of the foremost, he leaped half his height into the air, and fell with a heavy thud into the water, and went rolling and kicking, and coming down the hillside. At the minute an unseen hand from below, with a single sweep of a good way ax, severed the head of the man from his body as he stood glaring at his comrade, and now the starlight twinkling on the weapons and mail carrying Norsemen, and while the cry of "Ondin! din!" went up to black sky, and the dusky crows, fled from their roosting places, and dimly about between the trees, a long, low wail of fear and terror from the hundred corners of that old clidat.

and the game was ours from the beginning. Numerous and strong, fierce bloodthirsty as bloodhounds on the land, we ran for the open gates, and the first one and swept round way between under the unguarded shades, where a dozen men might have held us at bay, and so to the inner hall, where we stabled a brave old man who tried to shut it in our face, where the place had fallen—the waverer in the foil.

and wild work we made of it! As we reached the entrance the English chief rushed out of the mid-door of his in his nightgown (for he had already gone to bed), a naked sword in hand and by his side a fair young man with curly yellow hair. By Thor, I did not have been the wild wolf on neighboring marsh when that comely knight, although the light was poor for fighting, that had there been a dozen of it would have gone badly indeed for us. At the first shaft he pierced through the wrist, and the second wounded stalwart Sveinke in the throat; then he shot one in the breast, and another in the stomach, and kept it at bay until his last arrow was shot, and then died far down on the bloody DAGGER bear spear like a fierce young cub he was. As for the other—although he was stout of heart, yet his limbs were



ON HIS SIDE A FAIR YOUNG BOY.

and old, and my merry fellows short work with him, and he lay motionless as they left him, pale as a sheet across his threshold, all the

we shut the gates to keep the women from coming in and a stack of firewood and so fell on. But I tried to tell you all we did and I tried to tell you all we did. Why should I try to tell you of the wild, fierce hell of lust and rapine that raged within the walls? And if I had a hundred tongues I could not tell each incident as it came, and if I did you might not care to hear. If I had a hundred pens I could not recount how, one by one, they dragged the men from their beds, and how some of them were desperately, while some were killed them. Or how the women screamed and struggled in the arms of the rovers and cried for mercy and the yellow beards of their new masters, and how the old and lean ones, how the others—the pale, fair girls, with their bright eyes and long, loose hair and bare feet, all in their torn, dimpled night gear—were bound hand and foot and lashed to the pillars in the hall, or how the little ones were bound and wailed, and hid behind the maps of dead and strove to wake with petulant those who would never wake again, or, often, with their cherishing playthings locked tightly within their arms, creep into wondrous corners and hid from us—ask me no smaller details, for I could surflet you with horrors until compassion dimmed your eyes and

stayed your reading!

For an hour the place was full of the guttural shouts of men and the shrieks of women, the scream of the maiden and cry of the mother losing her little one; the wail of the captive and the moan of the dying down in the shadows; and men ran here and there struggling with white-shrouded forms, or dragging by jeel or by a strange shape into dusky corners, and the fires blazed and the sparks fell—and then, presently, because there were no more to kill, the noise died down until presently silence reigned, broken only by the laughing and shouting of my men, and thus we gathered in the hall, reit the lamps, and shed off the remnants of the earlier evening supper and laid out for ourselves all the best we could put our hands on. And fierce, wild revelry my fellows made of it. The hot blood of rapine and pillage had got into their veins and they heated it higher with the strong, abundant drink from that British chieftain's hiding place, until they were more like a tawny, handsome band of furies than mortal men—gods! I think I never brought such a crew of devils to that shore before. They made the rafters ring with their wild pagan hymns; they danced and shouted and ate and drank, while the pale captive girls stood huddling in the shadows or waited trembling on them, and the wine and ale went streaming down the floor among the blood and litter, and the torches flared, and the dogs howled outside. Oh, it was strange, wild revelry and went on for half the night-time.

It must have been near the dawn and most of the maidens lay swooning upon the floor between weariness and terror, and half the rovers were drunk as swine, when they fetched in the dead chieftain, setting him, pale and bloody, in his chair, and putting a cup into his hands while the ribaldst fellow there made a song and sung it to him. Then next a cry arose—who started I know not, but may God forgive him—for the English franklin's daughter! We had not seen her—she was not among the captives—and now a hundred buxom fellows were on foot hunting with torch and lamp high and low in every crack and corner of the burgh to find her. Unhappy damsel, they hunted futilely everywhere until they came to the small round tower on the cliff verge, there the strong oak door was barred and shut from within, and a wild yell of drunken pleasure to their quarry was at bay.

What was it that made me just then so sick of all that revelry and sat like a black forboding on my soul? I know not, but I turned, and, weary of the glare and tumult, slowly left the burgh and walked down to the beach, where lay my ship, just as the men were making a tall mound of sticks and heath and timbers about the door of the doomed tower that held the last princess.

Climbing on board I gave orders to those who had stood by the Wolf to make all ready for the sea, then I threw myself down listless, strangely sad, and chilly as one in aague, by my place at the tiller to await the coming of the pillagers. And presently, one by one, the sons of the creek came reeling down the path, singing as they stumbled down the darkness and carrying bundles and bags, and furs, and cups, and weapons in sheaths, and dragging faltering slaves, and surly, snarling dogs in leashes, and so at last when they were a long board but one, that one came running down the path, and before he had got half way to us the burgh was all illuminated with a rosy light, and looking up we saw that the laughing villain had tied it in twenty places, and not only the dwellings but also the great mound of fuel his friends had built against the tower door.

### CHAPTER VII.

Up came our anchor and out we lurched upon the waves once more. We set sail and drifted slowly down under the cliff where stood the castle, and as we came the fire raged furiously until when we were below that beetling brow we were sailing on a heaving molten sea of blood, and all our spars and cordage were shining copper red, and all the upturned faces of the vikings were flushed and hectic in the shine—and then—oh, how can I write it?—just as we came the nearest a white woman's form appeared on top of the tower and clasped her hands across her eyes, and hid her face and wept. And I—oh the fiercest, strangest gust of agony and joy sprang up within my heart—I gasped and gazed, and all forgetting the strangeness of it in the horror of the moment, dropped the tiller, and leaping to the clanking bulwarks stared another moment, and then, out of my deepest heart, out of the hot inspiration of my very soul, burst a fierce, wild cry of "Gunnal!"

And in an instant that white form was on her feet and staring terror-dazed at us, and then she saw me by the shrouds as I stood limned in gold, with all my ship against the black setting of the night, and gazed down steadfastly upon me for a minute, then clasped her hands upon her bosom and stretched them wildly to me, and above the hissing of the flame and the thud of the white surf upon the rocks I heard her cry, "Ulla! Ulla!"

And now the strength of twenty jars was in my heart. I tossed off as though they were baby fingers the strong grip of two stout fellows who thought to stay me and in a minute was in the surf and striking out bravely for the land. The great frothy pillows of the tide boiled for a space under my chin, and

now I was deep down in a humming black sea valley and anon mast high upon a curling crest of spume, and then, all in the black shadow of the cliff, the black waters seemed to dissolve into a hell of ghastly chaos and white thunder, and my feet touched the pebbly bottom. I landed somehow, but how only the pale Norse can tell, and scrambled up a steep track the boldest of my men had said in daylight was impossible; came to the palisades and clambered over them, and rolled into the fort on top of two mangled toiles, and up again, and now, in the golden shine of the fire, rushed to the great hall.

There in his chair of state was the dead chief just as my robbers had left him, with mouth wide open and fixed eyes staring grimly down his hall and golden wine cup clutched within his fingers and bloody night gear wrapped about him, while on his face the streaks of pain and anger twitching with a hideous mockery of life as the smoke curled and the flames went soaring overhead in rosy eddies. To right and left was wild disorder, tables overturned and benches cast about, broken flags and squandered victuals, bent swords and cleft targets, and costly stuffs put into shreds and dead men a-sprawl upon their faces, and blood and dirt and litter, and over all there was humming his fierce song as it mounted from point to point in the roof and shed great burning flakes and embers on us below. But nothing I cared for blood and litter, but with a foot of wind and a heart hotter than the flames above rushed through the banquet place and brushing rudely by the scowling king got out to the inner court and so reached the portal of the tower.

Over a red path of cinders I flew, and with my bare hand cast the flame-rod a doorway into red ruins, and up a creaking oaken steps I raced—scarce



"WAS IN THE SURF AND STRIKING OUT BRAVELY."

noticing that they fell to ashes as I passed—and in another moment, in a moment of wildly mingled feelings, I was upon the burning parapet, and there upon my knees, leaning against the outer walls, and seeming asleep was the white maid whose fair face had haunted my forest path and shone upon me through the drift and reek of ten years' storm and battle.

Down I went upon one knee and, deep, strong love and gentle compunction welling up in my heart, took the maiden's head upon my shoulder and her hand in mine, and in a minute she gave a great, shivering gasp of pain and fear and opened her eyes and looked up. By sweet Skulla herself, it was nearly worth the interval of pain to see the glad light of pleasure that was lit within them as they met mine, to feel the warm clasp of her hand and to know unspoken that our hearts were one and our truth unbroken. It was a happy moment, but all too brief, for I knelt and framed the hot words of love and courage and drew her sweet, yielding form to my bosom, and rained my long garnered kisses on her forehead, pale face. I felt the oaken platform whereon we stood heave and tremble, and with a gasp, I looked about and saw the cruel flame had gnawed through every joist upon that turret, and the whole platform was cracking and blistered and hanging by a thread, while down below, hungry for its fall, was the great roaring, seething funeral of the inner tower. "Gunnal!" I cried, "my own! there is but one way. Look! look! the stairs are gone, the platform rocks, and down below the courtyard is cruel hard. Gunnal, my life! come—quick!—there—so—hide your face deep down to my wolf-skin folds!" And as she hid her face and leapt into my arms I hid her face in my cloak and stepped off on to the narrow rim of cracked and ragged parapet just as the platform fell into ruins and went thundering down into the yellow and crimson cauldron underneath.

For one grim minute I poised myself upon that narrow, giddy shelf of blackened wall with the howling flame roaring behind and the dark vortex of the sea thundering in dim dreadfulness two hundred feet below upon the other, then—wrapping my sweet burden still closer to my bosom and muttering between my



"NOW FOR GREEN BALDERSUND—OR OLD VALHALLA!"

teeth. "Now for Green Baldersund or old Valhalla!"—leapt bravely out into the night! This is all! This is the story of Ulla

the viking, Ulla the priest. The lamp waters to its ending—the ink is dry.

When the clansmen picked us up the maid was dead, and so was the light and the loving of Ulla. For three days we staggered back across the melancholy ridge and furrow of the black North Sea, and then we buried her here under a grassy mound by the white lip of the ocean in Baldersund. And grief, dull and abiding, sat in my heart, and none could assuage it. At last, after many years, there came one barefooted, a cross and a staff in his hands, from overseas and whispered comfort. He poured the unction of the new faith into my heart and the baptismal water on my head and bid me forget and arise anew. And I took the cowl of him, learning to read and write, and built me a hut by the green mound I loved and strove by penance and privation to do as I was bid.

But can I forget? Can the sharp thong and the mean fare purge the hot, free, loving spirit in my blood? At times it shakes off the shackles of sweet insipidness, and then I—I, old Ulla Erlingsson—while the pale ghost-fire plays upon the dark summit of my mound and the black sea booms dismal in the black night distance, go out upon that dear, shrouding turf and cast myself upon my face, and tear my white hair and mock the wild wind and waves with my still wilder grief.

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We have noticed that when anyone in a crowd has a bit of scandal to relate, it is not until the speaker is through talking, and all have had their curiosity appeased, that someone says something about gossiping being so improper.

EMPLOYMENT, which Galen calls "Nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother of misery.

### A Question of Education.

I was sitting on a keg of nails in a West Virginia mountain store watching a native dicker with the merchant over a trade of a basket of eggs for a calico dress. After some time a bargain was closed, the native walked out with the dress in a bundle under his arm, and I followed him.

"It isn't any business of mine," I said, "but I was watching that trade, and was surprised to see you let the eggs go for the dress."

"What for?" he asked in astonishment, as he mounted his horse.

"How many eggs did you have?"

"Basket full."

"How many dozen?"

"Dunno. Can't count."

"That's where you miss the advantages of education. With knowledge you might have got two dresses for those eggs."

"But I don't want two dresses, mister," he argued.

"Perhaps not; but that was no reason why you should have paid two prices for one. The merchant got the advantage of you because of his education. He knew what he was about."

He looked at me for a minute, as if he felt real sorry for me. Then he grinned and pulled his horse over close to me.

"I reckon," he half whispered, casting furtive glances toward the store, "His education ain't so much more'n mine ez you think it is. He don't know how many of them eggs is spoiled, an' I do," and he rode away before I could argue further.—Boston Herald.

### A Venerable Yew-Tree.

In the churchyard at Darley Dale, England, is the most venerable yew-tree in the world. Many authorities claim for it a fabulous age, making it as much as three thousand years old. It is thirty-three feet in girth; but its trunk has suffered not a little from the modern Goths and Vandals, who have carved their names in the bark, and employed other methods of mutilation. The tree is now fenced round to save it from further insult; "and whatever may be its precise age," says Rev. Dr. John Charles Cox, "there can be little doubt that this grand old tree has given shelter to the early Britons when planning the construction of the dwellings that they erected not many yards to the west of its trunk; to the Romans who built up the funeral pyre for their slain comrades just clear of its branches; to Saxons, converted, perchance, to the true faith by the preaching of St. Dunm beneath its pleasant shade; to the Norman masons, chiseling their quaint sculptures to form the first stone house of prayer erected in its vicinity; and to the host of Christian worshippers, who, from that day to this, have been borne, under its hoary limbs, in women's arms to the baptismal font, and then on men's shoulders to their last sleeping-place in the soil that gave it birth."—London Public Opinion.

### TOO MODERN FOR HIM.

The Children—"Tell us a fairy tale, Grandpop."

Grandpop—"Oh, pehaw, children! I don't know anything about century runs."

BLAMED IF YOU DO AND BLAMED IF YOU DON'T.

"How I dislike the word 'economy!'"

"On what grounds?"

"It is such a queer thing—the world condemns us if we don't practice it, and despises us if we do."

### WYMAN GETS DAILY REPORTS.

Surgeon General Keeps Well Posted On Yellow Fever Situation.

Surgeon General Wyman at Washington has received the following from Dr. Lindsey, executive officer of the Tennessee state board of health:

"Our board has state inspectors at the following points: Memphis, Grand Junction, Raymer, state line, Chattanooga, Cleveland and Ducktown. Have ordered all to co-operate fully with your service. Please instruct at once your men accordingly."

Orders were immediately given the marine hospital forces to co-operate as requested.

Information has been received at the marine hospital from Dr. John Guiteras that the two cases of yellow fever at Cairo, Ill., have been isolated and every precaution possible taken to prevent spread. He says that the cases are very mild and have caused little alarm in Cairo.

### LONGSHOREMEN ARE OUT.

Strike at Brunswick Assumes a General and Serious Phase.

The strike is now general among the longshoremen and all dock laborers at Brunswick, Ga.

The strikers are asking for higher wages, claiming that some shippers on the Mallory line and Brunswick Terminal company have recently reduced wages. Employees of the Mallory ask for 20 cents per hour. The cotton laborers wish \$5 per day. The strikers are circulating petitions among business men protesting against the importation of foreign labor.

Seven or eight cases of violence, committed by strikers, have been reported. Should foreign laborers be brought from the north trouble is anticipated and the city authorities are making preparations to protect persons and property.

### LATTIMER STRIKERS HOLD BACK.

Hungarians Intimidate Miners Who Attempt to Work.

The strike situation at Hazleton, Pa., again assumed an uncertain phase Monday morning. An attempt to resume work was made at Pardee and Lattimer mines, but only 800 out of 1,300 miners returned to work. These were mainly Italians, with a few English-speaking men.

During Sunday night the Hungarians paraded through the settlement, beating tin cans and kettles and raising a big racket. This was done to notify those of their race that they must not go back to work. The warning was observed and Monday morning a band of Hungarians, led by women, were massing and threatening to march on the mines later in the day. The Thirteenth regiment is keeping a close watch for further trouble.

### PERPETUAL INJUNCTION

Against Eugene Debs and Others Granted By Judge Jackson.

The feature of interest in the opening session of the September term of the United States court for the district of West Virginia, at Wheeling Monday, was the application of ex-Governor A. B. Fleming, of Fairmont, to make the injunction against Eugene V. Debs and others, perpetual.

The governor was acting for his client, the Monongahela Coal Co., and as there was no appearance for any of the defendants, the injunction was made perpetual.

In the course of his remarks in making this decision, Judge Jackson said that if a like case were presented to him now he would make the same kind of order he had made at Parkersburg, where the temporary injunction was made recently.

### NEW ORLEANS' FEVER LIST.

Monday Broke the Record in Number of Cases Reported.

The largest number of cases reported on any day since yellow fever first made its appearance in New Orleans, some two weeks ago, was recorded on the books of the board of health Monday evening at 6 o'clock, although at that hour not a single case had proved fatal during the day.

There were eighteen cases in all, including nine by Dr. Joseph Holt, all of the latter having been duly flagged and put under quarantine regulations.

The most sensational incident of the day was the announcement from Dr. Joseph Holt to the board of health that he had discovered nine cases among his practice.

### LEE CONFERS WITH PRESIDENT.

Consul Reviewed the Situation in Cuba at Length.

A Washington special says: General Fitzhugh Lee had a long consultation with the president at the white house Saturday. It was the first time General Lee had seen Mr. McKinley since the former's return to this country about a fortnight ago. He saw the president by special appointment and all visitors were excluded during the progress of the conference except Secretary Alger.

The conference was a long one, lasting almost two hours. General Lee carefully reviewed the situation in Cuba, and explained at length all the points on which the president had asked for information.

## THE GREAT STRIKE ENDED.

RATCHFORD SAYS AN AMICABLE SITUATION PREVAILS.

### SATISFIED WITH THE RESULT.

Things Will Be Serene From the Present Until the Beginning of Next Year.

M. D. Ratchford, president of the United Mine Workers of America, gave out the following authorized statement to the Associated Press Tuesday:

"Today will see about 75,000 miners resume work in the bituminous coal fields of the central states. The strike generally ends today. This is the middle of the twelfth week of its duration. It was brought to a close at our convention held at Columbus, Ohio, on the 8th to the 11th of the present month, the ten days' time being given to allow miners and operators to come together in Illinois and West Virginia to meet the price fixed—65 cents a ton in Pittsburg, 56 cents in Ohio and Indiana and the same to continue until the end of December. The mining situation is not likely to be disturbed again until the beginning of next year, when they hope to be able to settle the question amicably and without the necessity of a strike."

"I am well satisfied with the agreement reached and feel that it is the greatest victory gained by trades unions in years. While they have done the striking, trades unions and organized bodies have supplied the necessities, without which the miners could not possibly succeed. It was a victory for organized labor and not for any particular trade, and we want our friends who have helped us to feel that it is their victory as well as ours. I feel very grateful for the assistance given us by the American Federation of Labor, and by the kindly disposition shown at all times by Mr. Gompers and the members of his executive committee."

Mr. Ratchford was asked as to the situation in West Virginia and Illinois. He said:

"The greatest difficulty in the way of an advance in the Illinois district is the fact that contracts were taken last spring, based upon a low mining rate, as they were in Pittsburg and elsewhere. But this is a matter that we cannot be responsible for; it is a matter of business to the operator himself. No man has a right to sell a man's labor one year in advance without consulting the laborer."

"While we have always deferred to the claims of men along those lines, the time has come when no further consideration can be given them, because the wages paid to the miner is below the living point and the preservation of life takes precedence over business affairs."

"My advice from West Virginia are to the effect that our miners who are standing firm, are well pleased with the agreement reached and evince a determination to fight their battle to the end. Their purpose is to bring the miners and operators of the state together in a joint convention, that a uniform mining price may be fixed and paid for the same vein of coal, and a fair relative price for other veins within the state. In short, fix a mining rate that will give to West Virginia fair competing opportunities and nothing more."

"Fixing a mining rate that will give fair opportunities is the object of miners' organizations everywhere. We are working to bring operators of the several states together with this end in view. Though our efforts have been futile, we will continue to advocate that policy, believing there is such a way to keep down strikes and disputes which are of advantage to neither side and that is for the miners and operators interested from the various states to meet annually, mutually fix prices for each district that are fair and just and each party to the agreement to observe it faithfully until a subsequent agreement takes its place. During the eight years this system was in vogue, strikes and disturbances of a general character were unknown, and the causes which gave rise to them can now be removed so that the operators interested will see their interests in this light."

### BIG FIRE IN COLUMBUS.

Large Factory and the Southern's Freight Depot In Ashes.

One of the most disastrous fires from which Columbus, Ga., has suffered since the burning of the Rankin house block twenty years ago occurred Monday night when the lumber yard, saw, blind and door factory of Butts & Cooper, together with the Southern railway freight depot, went up in smoke.

In addition to the factory and depot two Louisville and Nashville freight cars loaded with cotton were consumed. The loss will aggregate \$50,000, it is estimated.